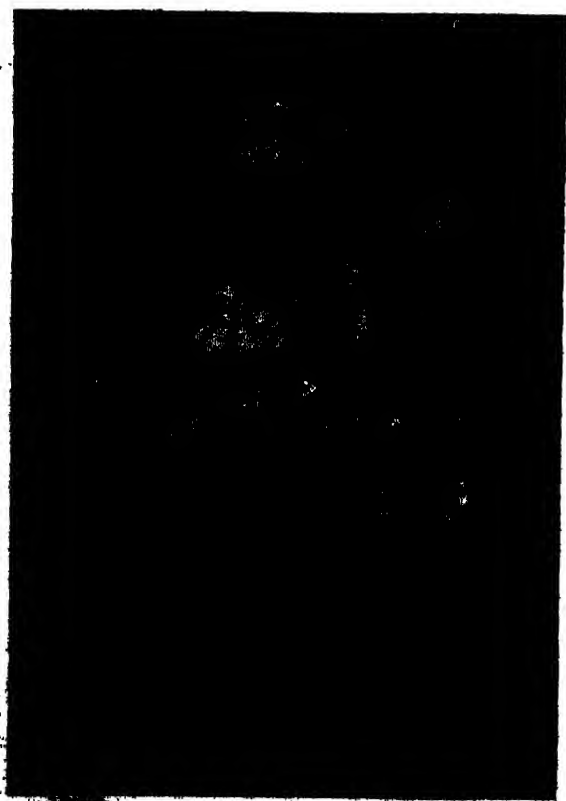




*LOCKSLER HALL
AND OTHER POEMS.*



"Dost thou love me, cousin?"

LOCKSLEY HALL

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

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LOCKSLEY HALL.

COMRADES, leave me here a little,
while as yet 'tis early morn:
Leaye me here, and when you want me,
sound upon the bugle-horn.

'Tis the place, and all around it,
as of old, the curlews call,
Dreary gleams about the moorland
• flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance
overlooks the sandy tracts,
And the hollow ocean-ridges
roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement,
ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion
sloping slowly to the west



*"Locksley Hall, that in the distance
overlooks the sandy tracts."*

Then her cheek was pale and thinner
 than should be for one so young,
And her eyes on all my motions
 with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak,
 and speak the truth to me,
Trust me, cousin, all the current
 of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead
 came a colour and a light,
As I have seen the rosy red
 flushing in the northern night.

And she turn'd—her bosom shaken
 with a sudden storm of sighs—
All the spirit deeply dawning
 in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings,
 fearing they should do me wrong";
Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?"
 weeping, "I have loved thee long."

Love took up the glass of Time,
 and turn'd it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken,
 ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life,
 and smote on all the chords with might;
 Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling,
 pass'd in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland
 did we hear the copses ring,
 And her whisper throng'd my pulses
 with the fulness of the Spring.



Many an evening by the waters
 did we watch the stately ships,
 And our spirits rush'd together
 at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted!
 O my Amy, mine no more!
 O the dreary, dreary moorland!
 O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms,
 falser than all songs have sung,
Puppet to a father's threat,
 and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—
 having known me to decline
On a range of lower feelings
 and a narrower heart than mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower
 to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse
 to sympathise with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is:
 thou art mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature
 will have weight to drag thee down.

He will hold thee, when his passion
 shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog,
 a little dearer than his horse.

What is this? His eyes are heavy:
 think not they are glazed with wine.
Go to him: it is thy duty: kiss him:
 take his hand in thine.

It may be my lord is weary,
that his brain is overwrought:
Soothe him with thy finer fancies,
touch him with thy lighter thought.

He will answer to the purpose,
 'easy things to understand—
 Better than wert dead before me,
 tho' I slew thee with my hand!



Better thou and I were lying,
 hidden from the heart's disgrace,
 Roll'd in one another's arms,
 and silent in a last embrace.

Cursed be the social wants
that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies
that warp us from the living truth.

Cursed be the sickly forms
that err from honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds
the straiten'd forehead of the fool.

Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—
Hadst thou less unworthy proved—
Would to God—for I had loved thee
more than ever wife was loved.

Am I mad, that I should cherish
that which bears but bitter fruit?
I will pluck it from my bosom,
tho' my heart be at the root.

Never, tho' my mortal summers
to such length of years should come
As the many-winter'd crow that leads
the clanging rookery home.

Where is comfort? in division
of the records of the mind?
Can I part her from herself, and love her,
as I knew her, kind?

I remember one that perish'd:
sweetly did she speak and move:
Such a one do I remember,
whom to look at was to love.

Can I think of her as dead,
and love her for the love she bore?
No—she never loved me truly:
love is love for evermore.

Comfort? comfort scorn'd of devils!
this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow
is remembering happier things.

Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it,
lest thy heart be put to proof,
In the dead unhappy night,
and when the rain is on the roof.

Like a dog, he hunts in dreams,
and thou art staring at the wall,
Where the dying night-lamp flickers,
and the shadows rise and fall.

Then a hand shall pass before thee,
pointing to his drunken sleep,
To thy widow'd marriage-pillows,
to the tears that thou wilt weep.

Thou shalt hear the "Never, never,"
whisper'd by the phantom years,
And a song from out the distance
in the ringing of thine ears.

And an eye shall vex thee,
 looking ancient kindness on thy pain.
Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow:
 get thee to thy rest again.

Nay, but Nature brings thee solace;
 for a tender voice will cry.
'Tis a purer life than thine;
 a lip to drain thy trouble dry.

Baby lips will laugh me down:
 my latest rival brings thee rest.
Baby fingers, waxen touches,
 press me from the mother's breast.

O, the child too clothes the father
 with a dearness not his due.
Half is thine and half is his:
 it will be worthy of the two.

O, I see thee old and formal,
 fitted to thy petty part,
With a little hoard of maxims
 preaching down a daughter's heart.

"They were dangerous guides the feelings—
 she herself was not exempt—
Truly, she herself had suffer'd"—
 Perish in thy self-contempt!

Men, my brothers, men, the workers,
 ever reaping something new:
That which they have done but earnest
 of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future,
 far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world,
 and all the wonder that would be;



Saw the heavens fill with commerce,
 argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight,
 dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting,
 and there rain'd a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies
 grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper
 of the south-wind rushing warm
With the standards of the peoples
 plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throb'd no longer,
 and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man,
 the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most
 shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber,
 lapt in universal law.

So I triumph'd ere my passion
 'sweeping thro' me left me dry,
Left me with the palsied heart,
 and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers,
 all things here are out of joint,
Science moves, but slowly, slowly,
 creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people,
 as a lion creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks
 behind a slowly-dying fire.

Yet I doubt not thro' the ages
 • one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd
 with the process of the suns.

What is that to him that reaps not harvest
 of his youthful joys,
Tho' the deep heart of existence
 beat for ever like a boy's?

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,
 and I linger on the shore,
And the individual withers,
 and the world is more and more.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers,
and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience, moving toward
the stillness of his rest.

Hark, my merry comrades call me,
 sounding on the bugle-horn,
They to whom my foolish passion
 were a target for their scorn:

Shall it not be scorn to me
to harp on such a moulder'd string?
I am shamed thro' all my nature
to have loved so slight a thing.

Weakness to be wroth with weakness!
 woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
Nature made them blinder motions
 bounded in a shallower brain:

Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions,
 match'd with mine,
Are as moonlight unto sunlight,
 and as water unto wine—

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing.
 Ah, for some retreat
Deep in yonder shining Orient,
 where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle
 fell my father evil-starr'd;—
I was left a trampled orphan,
 and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—
 there to wander far away,
On from island unto island
 at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning,
 mellow moons and happy skies,
Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster,
 knots of Paradise.



*"I will take some savage woman,
she shall rear my dusky race."*

Never comes the trader,
 never floats an European flag,
Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland,
 swings the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossom'd bower,
 hangs the heavy-fruited tree—
Summer isles of Eden
 lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment
 more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway,
 in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions, cramp'd no longer,
 shall have scope and breathing-space;
I will take some savage woman,
 she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinew'd,
 they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair,
 and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call,
 and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight
 poring over miserable books—

Fool, again the dream, the fancy!
 but I *know* my words are wild,
 But I count the gray barbarian
 lower than the Christian child.

I, to herd with narrow foreheads,
 vacant of our glorious gains,
 Like a beast with lower pleasures,
 like a beast with lower pains!

Mated with a squalid savage—
 what to me were sun or clime?
 I the heir of all the ages,
 in the foremost files of time—

I that rather held it better
 men should perish one by one,
 Than that earth should stand at gaze
 like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!

Not in vain the distance beacons.
 Forward, forward let us range.
 Let the great world spin for ever
 down the ringing grooves of change.

Thro' the shadow of the globe
 we sweep into the younger day:
 Better fifty years of Europe
 than a cycle of Cathay.

Mother-Age (for mine I knew not),
 help me as when life begun^o :
Rift the hills, and roll the waters,
 flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun—

O, I see the crescent promise
 of my spirit hath not set.
Ancient founts of inspiration
 well thro' all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be,
 a long farewell to Locksley Hall!
Now for me the woods may wither,
 now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapour from the margin,
 blackening over heath and holt,
Cramming all the blast before it,
 in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall,
 with rain or hail, or fire or snow ;
For the mighty wind arises,
 roaring seaward, and I go.

THE MAY QUEEN.

YOU must wake and call me early,
call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time
of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother,
the maddest, merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black, black eye, they say,
but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary,
there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice
in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.



"Call me early, mother dear."

They say he's dying all for love,
but that can never be :
They say his heart is breaking, mother—
what is that to me ?
There's many a bolder lad .
'ill woo me any Summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me
to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother,
to see me made the Queen ;
For the shepherd lads on every side
'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

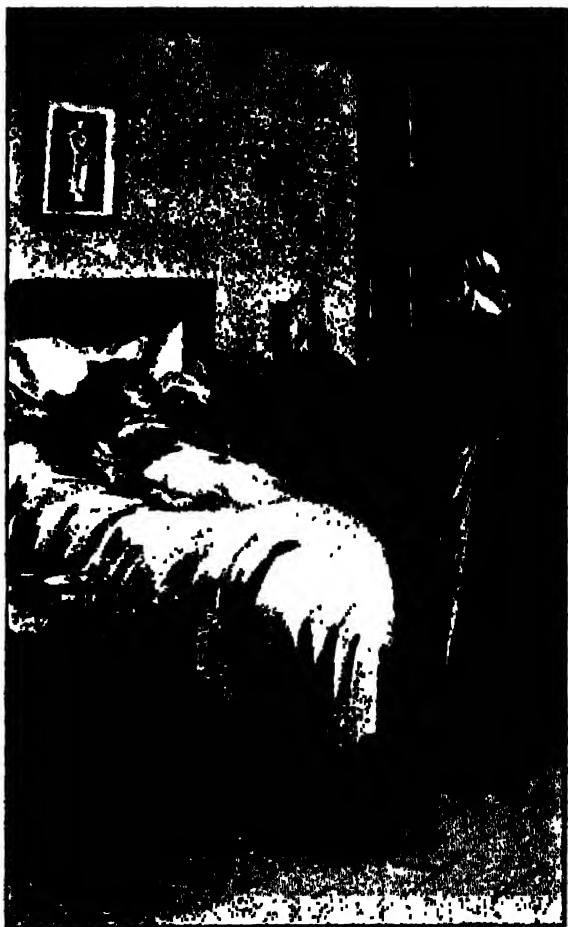
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The honeysuckle round the porch
has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow
the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers ;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire
in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Last May we made a crown of flowers:
● we had a merry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green
 they made me Queen of May:
And we danced about the may-pole
 and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above
 the tall white chimney-tops.



There's not a flower on all the hills:
the frost is on the pane:
I only wish to live till
the snowdrops come again:
I wish the snow would melt
and the sun come out on high:
I long to see a flower so
before the day I die.



*"Sweeter far is death than life
to me that long to go"*

You'll bury me, my mother,
 just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me
 where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother,
 I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head
 in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward,
 but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother,
 and forgive me ere I go;
Nay, nay, you must not weep,
 nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother,
 you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother,
 from out my resting-place;
Tho' you'll not see me, mother,
 I shall look upon your face;
Tho' I cannot speak a word,
 I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you
 when you think I'm far away.

CONCLUSION.

I THOUGHT to pass away before,
 and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round
 I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember,
 rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came,
 and now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet,
 that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice •
 to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about,
 ' and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life
 to me that long to go.

It seem'd so hard at first, mother,
to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay,
and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long
before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman,
has told me words of peace.

I thought that it was fancy,
and I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—
I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering
took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again
the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said,
"It's not for them: it's mine."
And if it comes three times,
I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came,
and close beside the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven
and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near.
I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way
my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed,
I care not if I go to-day.
But, Effie, you must comfort *her*
when I am past away.

For ever and for ever,
all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while
till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God—
as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling,
and the weary are at rest.



THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

PART I.

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-tower'd Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four gray walls and four gray towers
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veil'd,
Slide the heavy barges trail'd
By slow horses; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II.

THERE she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say
A curse is on her if she stay
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.

There she sees the highway near

Winding down to Camelot :

There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,

Goes by to tower'd Camelot ;

And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two :
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often thro' the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights

And music, went to Camelot :

Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed ;

"I am half sick of shadows," said

The Lady of Shalott.



*"There she weaves by night
and day."*

PART III.

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.

A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazon'd baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewell'd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot:
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.



His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
 As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra;" by the river
 Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV.

IN the stormy east wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse—
Like some bold seer in a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night

She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
The Lady of Shalott.



Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turn'd to tower'd Camelot;
For ere she reach'd upon the tide
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.

Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name.
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer;
And they cross'd themselves for fear, •
 All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;
He said, "She has a lovely face;
God in His mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott." •

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

*I*N her ear he whispers gaily,
 “If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watch’d thee daily,
 And I think thou lov’st me well.”
She replies, in accents fainter,
 “There is none I love like thee.”
He is but a landscape-painter,
 • And a village maiden she.
He to lips that fondly falter
 “Presses his without reproof:
Leads her to the village altar,
 And they leave her father’s roof.
“I can make no marriage present;
 Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
 And I love thee more than life.”
They by parks and lodges going
 See the lordly castles stand:

Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
"Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer:
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O but she will love him truly!
He shall have a cheerful home;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before:
Many a gallant gay domestic



*"He is but a landscape painter,
And a village maiden she."*

Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
"All of this is mine and thine."
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the colour flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin:
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove:
But he clasp'd her like a lover,
And he cheer'd her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Tho' at times her spirit sank:
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank:
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.

But a trouble weigh'd 'upon her,
And perplex'd her, night and morn,
With the burthen of an honour
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
And she murmur'd, "O, that he



Were once more that landscape-painter,
Which did win my heart from me!"
So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
Fading slowly from his side:
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,

Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh House by Stamford Town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said,
"Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed."
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.



LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE.

LADY CLARA VERE DE VERE,

• Of me you shall not win renown:
You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
At me you smiled, but unbeguiled
I saw the snare, and I retired:
The daughter of a hundred Earls,
• You are not one to be desired.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

I know you proud to bear your name,
Your pride is yet no mate for mine,
Too proud to care from whence I came.
Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that doats on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
Some meeker pupil you must find,
For were you queen of all, that is,
I could not stoop to such a mind.
You sought to prove how I could love,
And my disdain is my reply.
The lion on your old stone gates
Is not more cold to you than I.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
You put strange memories in my head.
Not thrice your branching limes have blown
Since I beheld young Laurence dead.
O your sweet eyes, your low replies;
A great enchantress you may be;
But there was that across his throat
Which you had hardly cared to see.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
When thus he met his mother's view,
She had the passions of her kind,
She spake some certain truths of you.
Indeed I heard one bitter word
That scarce is fit for you to hear;
Her manners had not that repose
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.



Lady Clara Vere de Vere.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,

There stands a spectre in your hall:
The guilt of blood is at your door:

You changed a wholesome heart to gall.
You held your course without remorse,
To make him trust his modest worth,
And, last, you fix'd a vacant stare,
And slew him with your noble birth.

Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,

From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife

Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

I know you, Clara Vere de Vere,

You pine among your halls and towers:
The languid light of your proud eyes
Is wearied of the rolling hours.

In glowing health, with boundless wealth,

But sickening of a vague disease,

You know so ill to deal with time,

You needs must play such pranks as these.

Clara, Clara Vere de' Vere,

- If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
O! teach the orphan-boy to read,
Or teach the orphan-girl to sew,
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go.





